

The Kingdom of Heaven.

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No. 1.

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD AND HIS AMERICAN RELATIVES.

We clip the following from *The Syracuse Sunday Herald*, published by Galt & Clark. It is one of the experiences of Mr. J. G. Clark, well known as one of America's most gifted singers.

A few years since, while holding "Evenings of Song" in the southern Tier Counties of New York State, we visited some of the towns of Broome County.

As we sat one evening at sunset, in the church door awaiting our audience, in the rural village of Castle Creek, a frank looking Scotch-faced farmer approached, and, in accents suggestive of the lands of glens and heather-blooms, said, "Good evening, are you Mr. Clark?"

We replied, "Yes sir, and we think you are a Scotchman. Will you please give us your name?"

"Yes, I am Scotch, and my name is Hogg, and I have left my hands and my teams all in the hay-field, and walked five miles to hear 'Fremont's Battle Hymn' sung by the man who wrote it."

"Thank you. Are you a relative of James Hogg, the 'Etrick Shepherd'?"

"Yes, I am his nephew."

This introduction to Robert Hogg was the beginning of an agreeable acquaintance, and of warm friendships which have since made "Mt. Etrick" a pleasant place in our memory.

A long time ago, a brother of the "Etrick Shepherd" came to America, and settled among the hills of Broome County, N. Y., near Binghamton. This brother, who was formerly a shepherd of Sir Walter Scott, brought with him a large family of children, most of whom are still living on farms at "Mt. Etrick," in the town of Maine, Broome County, surrounded by happy families. It is a treat to visit their homes among the hills. They are good farmers, excellent citizens, and intelligent members of the County "Farmers Club," and well versed in general literature. William and Robert are liberal

"second-growth" Scotch Presbyterians, and leading members and supporters of the new Presbyterian Church of East Maine. James Hogg—a regular highlander in form, features and bearing—is more like Burns than Knox, in his theological tendencies. He is naturally and justly proud of his uncle's fame, and can quote from memory many of the Etrick Shepherd's best poems, which he recites with such eloquence and expression that the listener can almost fancy himself among the glens and the mountain lakes of Scotland.

Our favorites among the Scottish poets are Robert Burns and James Hogg. We love these two because they were true Democrats, and never in their prosperity lost faith in the royalty of honest, untitled human nature, while Scott, with all his genius, and his wonderful skill as a word-painter of natural scenery, was an aristocrat who toadied to crowns, and coats of arms. Scott hangs upon the walls of his countrymen, while Burns and Hogg and Tanneyhill live in their hearts.

When a boy, we found in an old collection of church music, a hymn by James Hogg, from which we quote the following. It was written, doubtless, when the Etrick Shepherd was tending his flocks on some eastern mountain slope of his native land.

"Lauded be thy name forever,
Thou of life the guard and giver;
Thou who slumpest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest,
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
God of light that fadeth never,
Lauded be thy name forever."

Behold what a picture gleams out from the next four lines.

"God of evening's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
Rising from the distant sea,
Breathing of Eternity,

The twelve lines quoted above, made an impression upon our mind that has never been effaced or dimmed. Morning and night they have floated through our senses, soothing and inspiring us in times of doubt, and mental depression, and always making us calmer and stronger, and restoring our fal-

tering faith in immortality. Others are doubtless aided by the strong utterances of different authors, but these lines of the Ettrick Shepherd have ever been our benediction, and have done more to influence and mould our life tendencies than all the sermons and essays that we have read, or heard.

Indeed it has, at times, seemed as though we felt the soul of the good old shepherd standing near us, as if to reach out a helping hand from the dim border-land or the vast unknown.

From the Syracuse Sunday Herald.
THE REFORMERS BOND.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

If at ease I lie, while the world goes by
 With groanings of burdened men,
 If a heart should break nor the dreamer wake
 To the power of voice or pen,
 If I hold the truth in its prisoned youth,
 And tremble to make it free.
 No word of love in the world above
 Will ever respond to me.

If I publish peace when teachers cease
 To better the flocks they feed,
 If I count a word for another heard
 More holy than highest deed,
 If I fail to speak for the wronged and weak,
 Whatever the word shall be,
 No chord of love in the song above
 Will ever have voice for me.

It, shaming the blood that by fire and flood
 Gave life to an infant land,
 I ring no chime for the coming time
 With an earnest heart and hand,
 If, fearing loss and the martyr's cross
 I barter his birthright free,
 God's hero band in the sunset land
 Will never have room for me.

If the law asleep low truce doth keep
 With an ermined evil-doer,
 And Christ be driven from the gates of Heaven
 To gather his starving poor,
 May my swift words grow like a furnace glow
 Till, for answer, there shall be
 Some bond of love in the life above
 Eternally bright for me.

Jesus, the Christ, and Religion.

A Christ is any one anointed, chosen, and consecrated to a spiritual work; in short a medium. That Jesus was such an instrument in the power of the spirit, which is the only God he ever recognized, there

can scarcely be a doubt in the mind of any deep thinker or profound philosopher; for in comprehending his complete absorption in this universal power, he only realized an universal truth or law, which embraces in its power and scope, not merely every human soul, but all worlds, and every mote and atom of matter of which worlds are composed. It is not, therefore, at all strange that we read of Jesus saying of himself as follows:

John 5:38, I can of mine ownself do nothing: as I hear I judge, and my judgment is just, because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the father which hath sent me.

Luke 5:30, I can of mine ownself do nothing.

John 14:10, Believest thou not that I am in the father, and the father in me? the words which I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

John 14:20, At that day ye shall know that I am in the father and ye in me and I in you.

Luke 12:25, And which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature? If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest?

Luke 12:6, Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

And in proof that he knew that all were in this power and the power in them, he says to his disciples:

Matthew 10:20, For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your father which speaketh in you.

Luke 6:40, The disciple is not above his master; but every one that is perfect shall be as his master.

And it was the light of this truth in his soul that guided him to say,

lay not this sin to their charge, but forgive them, for they know not what they do.

These admissions on the part of Jesus, together with his reference to the ravens, the grass in the fields, the lilies of the valley, &c., prove beyond cavil that the expanded soul of Jesus comprehended the fact that God, the great spirit of nature, was the disposing and moving power in all mind and matter. And as he never claimed the miraculous conception attributed to him by others, the conclusion is inevitable that Jesus was a spiritualist, medium, and natural philosopher. He was no religionist or churchist, for he never once made mention of the word religion, and the word church but twice; and never gave any directions about building or organizing one. How then can it be claimed that Jesus is the author or founder of any religious or church system? On the contrary he says:

John 7:16, My doctrine is not my doctrine, but the doctrine of him that sent me.

We rest the case on this testimony, knowing the truth of the statements, whether there ever lived such a man as Jesus or not.

The doctrines of Jesus have been confounded by the skeptic with the religions of the day; but they are as wide apart as the poles of the earth. The only injunction he ever gave was to "*love one another*," even our enemies; just what professed christians are careful not to do; but pray and worship in public, just what he enjoined them not to do. Jesus was cosmopolitan in every thought and feeling; his soul was too large to be cramped or confined within the narrow limits of any sect, creed or nation; and of such shall be the church and state of the future; on the threshold of which we now stand.

For the Kingdom.

What Constitutes God.

BY G. I. CLUTE.

God is a creative, overruling omnipotent power. That which constitutes God is composed of all created things that exist in the creative economy, from the lowest depths of the vast creation up to the highest heavens of unlimited space. God is not a personality—is not an individualized being; but all formations have a portion of God in their structure.

God is in the mighty ocean deep,
In the wild forest and mountain steep.
In the lightning's flash, and thunder's roar;
God's voice is heard the wide world o'er.

God cannot possibly be separated from the vast host of created beings. If we define God then we confine him; and when we confine him we set bounds for him; and when we set bounds to God we measure his limits and powers. Man cannot set bounds to Deity: Deity is boundless, and beyond man's comprehension. Man cannot possibly know more of God than he has reasoning powers to comprehend him. So man raises his standard of God in proportion to his intelligence, and fashions his God after the likeness of his imagination; and worships that God in accordance with his organization.

Dear friends, one and all, will you aid us to extend the circulation of our paper, by procuring subscribers. We constitute you one and all agents to get up clubs. We shall be pleased to give you a larger sheet when the demand for truth shall justify its enlargement. This is the very best we are able to do now. Let us all work together with the angels to establish the dispensation of love on earth. We are waiting to hear from each one of you.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

THOMAS COOK, *Editor.*

SYRACUSE, N. Y., JANUARY, 1874.

TERMS.

This humble little periodical is issued monthly, at fifty cents per annum, to such as wish to pay; but to those unable to pay it is free.

Its objective work is to gather up all the good and truth there is in the world amongst the numerous benevolent and religious orders, and make them practical, by fraternizing the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Salutatory.

It is just ten years friendly reader, since we launched the first No. of the first volume of our tiny publication before the world; which it will be remembered by those who have been our readers, was at Anderson, Madison county, Indiana. We completed the second volume at Huntsville in that county, at the close of the year 1865. Then, by direction of that power that gave us the thoughts we uttered through its columns, we discontinued its publication during the year 1866; and afterwards published the third volume at Berlin Heights, Ohio, in 1867; after which by arrangement with Mr. S. S. Jones we merged our paper into the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago; for which paper we wrote and labored almost two years. And now since the time has arrived for resuming its publication, we begin again in the pleasant little city of Syracuse, New York; without preface or apology.

Our Mission and Labors as a Spiritual Worker.

Thoughtful reader be not startled when we state that we have a mission on earth as a spiritual or mediunistic worker. And you sure-

ly will not when we assure you we have not chosen our mission or the spirit, but that the truth is, as you can readily understand, the spirit has chosen us. And still better, we trust, you will understand and agree with us, when we repeat the fact that every soul that treads this earth is endowed with a mission just as really as we are, though it may not be in the direction of spiritualization: but whatever you are engaged in that is your mission; for it is morally, physically, and naturally impossible for us, for you, for a christ, devils or diakkas to act, in the smallest degree in opposition to, or in violation of that will which is omnipotent and omnipresent—the eye that never sleeps, that hand that never rests; and who, as a Jesus has said, is a spirit; and is *ever* in all, over all, and surrounds all; and without which there is neither light or love, motion, thought or intelligence.

Truly, therefore, are we chosen, and have no power or wish but to serve and obey him or it which has chosen us. This is an universal law and truth that none can gainsay; and it is no new thought with us, for we announced it in the first issue of our paper ten years ago. We then and there said: "It becomes our duty to announce that we are elected—was born to fill the unenviable position of THE SON OF MAN; and which only signifies to be spiritually born; or that we are of the first fruits of all isms, to live what they, each and all, have only assumed to revere; or that we have involuntarily grown to the glorious cosmopolitan or Christ plain of universal love, justice, and equality; and are made a spiritual type, as was Jesus, of what all shall be in the now near approaching millennial and golden era of love; in which man will live the precepts of

Jesus, instead of as now, merely theorize over them.

For fifteen years (notwithstanding we were a public speaker by profession, a lawyer and a politician,) after we became a medium, our lips were closed as a public speaker, as if by a seal, and no inspiration came to aid us to speak in behalf of the truths of spirit communion as we desired to do. And not until last spring did the power come to us to utter in public the pure, and simple, because natural truths that we had been all these years conning over in the hidden depths of our being. When the power to speak came the command also came to move, and go forth as an evangel of truth, to freely give to others as it was given to us.

Accordingly we left Chicago in the genial month of last June, going north, and delivered our maiden speech at Libertyville, Illinois, in the parlors of Mr. G. Merrick. We next spoke three times near Waukegan, in the Whitmore school-house, and then in Milwaukee; from whence we crossed lake Michigan to Grand Haven, and labored two months in the peninsular state; speaking in Grand Rapids, Rockford, Lowell, Saranac, Iona, St. Johns, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Schoolcraft, Three Rivers, Bronson, Coldwater, Sturgis, Hillsdale, and Adrian. Our next field of labor was Ohio, beginning at Norwalk, thence to Townsend, Wake-man, Oberlin, Elyria, Cleveland, Ravenna, Salem, and Columbiana. From here we crossed into Pennsylvania and spoke at New Castle, visited Franklin, Meadville, Oil City, Titusville, Corry, Spartansburg, and speaking for the last time in this state at Tidioute. In New York we began our labors at Jamestown, speaking at Cassadaga, Laona, visited Dunkirk, spoke at

Gowonda, and next at George Taylor's. We next spoke at Pontiac, Buffalo, Middleport, Rochester, Byron, Caledonia, then at Rochester again, from there to Macedon, West Walworth, Rose Valley, Phoenix, closing up at Syracuse, where we have opened a protracted spiritual revival meeting, speaking ten times in eight days; and from whence we send greeting to all a most hearty God bless you; and may the new year of 1874 come to you freighted with much spiritual light, love, and wisdom.

The Mustard Seed.

Whilst we were engaged in the publication of the first volume of the little KINGDOM, Dr. J. R. Newton, the great healer, wrote us saying of it: "Like a grain of mustard seed may it grow to be a big tree." The cause of God and His angels, who were once our fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters on earth, the age of spiritual love, will grow to such magnitudinous proportions that it will cover the earth as the waters do the ocean; but we shall never need much room or a very large paper to advocate its advent, for it requires but little space and few words to tell the truth.

Its coming will be like its precursor, the Rochester knockings, independently of man's wishes, prayers, protests or curses. Silently, yet steadily, potently, yet quietly, like the unseen toilers of the vasty deep, who build the great coral mountains, are the sure and ceaseless labors of the spiritual workers to make this earth into a harmonial abiding place for its inhabitants, that God, the father's will may be known on earth as in heaven.

Love and electricity are the two powers that rule the world.—E. B. Waldo.

The Moses Hull-Woodhull Hubbub.

Our basic principle is LOVE; and time after time we have been asked if we were preaching the Moses Hull-Woodhull doctrines of free love? and been told that if we were the hospitalities of that home would not be extended to us; until we have found it expedient to "rise and explain," that by the word love we do not mean hugging and kissing; but that it is to be actuated by a spirit of patient forbearance and brotherly affection; based upon the Christ idea that God is the father of all—loves all—is guiding all—and that to blame, judge or condemn, or find fault with any of his works or creatures, is rank infidelity and ignorant blasphemy. We have come to condemn no one; that mode of reformation is as old as the history of this world, is passing away, because not adapted to the great growing spirit of the age.

We cannot accept, therefore, that Hull, Woodhull, or the 'hull on 'em, are the arbiters of their destinies. For there are no free agents, and consequently there can be no free lovers; for

Destiny stole me at my birth
And cast me helpless on this earth.

Then Hull or Woodhull could not escape their destiny, nor could Comstock or any of their persecutors or defamers; for every human soul has a road or life line, which is peculiarly and essentially its own; for as it is given to each person, so is the demand for work or unfolding through the furnace fires of experience. Then for a Hull or any other man or woman, to assume to set up a code of morals for other people, be it celibacy or promiscuity, and say "this is the way, come bow the knee," would only be setting up another golden calf to worship. Truth says, follow no priest, erect no standards or creeds, but

let each soul be free to unfold into the sphere of all truth, guided only by the light within. Then lust and monopoly, the two great foes to happiness, shall flee away. But if love is free so is hate; and of the two we should much prefer free love to free hate, which gets up so many free fights. Love, pure and perfect, born of the holiest wisdom, seeks not to control or direct the will or destiny of another. It prescribes no rule of faith or code of morals for others to follow. That which does is born of the devil of lust and selfishness. The truly harmoniously unfolded character seeks only his or her own purity of heart, by weeding out the weeds of lust, selfishness, hatred and condemnation. For love is life and blame and hate are death.

Spiritualism and Revolution.

Revolution signifies change. And spiritualism, which is far more than the mere manifestations and raps of individualized spirits, for it is the development of hitherto dormant powers in nature, a new, (to man) motor power, has come to revolutionize all the unjust and unequal institutions of man—to equalize and harmonize all man's relations with man.

And the effects of this spirit power may be seen in all the relations of human life, and portends revolution.

To enthrone the glorious spiritual philosophy of love and peace on earth, announced through Jesus, and rid the world of religion, and human governments, and all institutions that are founded in force and monopoly, we shall most surely have to pass through such a momentous revolution as the inhabitants of this world have never experienced and

never will need to experience again; even as Jesus has prophesied. The coming of the angels and their mediumistic workers are the fulfilling of the prophesies of Jesus. The time then for the coming of THE SON OF MAN and the twelve teachers of philosophy, prophesied of by Davis, is at hand. These will simply be mediums for the spirit of all truth to speak through, and give utterance to truths that the world could not bear through Jesus. And as the old age of force and matter dies away, the new one of love and spiritual wisdom will be ushered in and established. Spiritual manifestations have been the warning voice to man of this impending revolution. And man's attempt to circumscribe this power within the pale of an ism is futile. For all isms are doomed and must die; and like the death of the chrysalis will give birth to far more beautiful and glorious forms of godliness—the millenium or golden age of Isaiah—the Kingdom of Heaven of Jesus, and the harmonial era of A. J. Davis.

The Cycling Ages.

As age succeeds age in cycling epochs, they are marked by convulsions of greater or less magnitude. And the forthcoming or new eras are symbolized by characters chosen to lead off or point out the way of progress to the masses. Thus a Jesus, was chosen and sent at the close of the Mosaic age, who professed to be only a SON OF MAN; and foretold the end of that era, and that a new one would be established by the coming of another SON OF MAN. In fulfillment of this truthful prophesy, we were born, and have entered upon the mission allotted us, by that power whom we must all obey. We are the son of no prince or president, simply THE

SON OF MAN; merely equal to all, and have been sent not to seek to exalt ourself, or any man, but directly the reverse. Man-worship must die away, and will when all know, as we know, as Jesus knew, and as all the angels in heaven know, that they are sent. That's the sort of a man we are. Come and be like us, and we will make this earth a paradise, for then we shall exalt no one and blame no one.

The Spirit of Truth.

The spirit of truth, of which Jesus prophesied would come in these latter days of the age of war and force, is that undivided, fraternizing spirit of all love and goodness that unites the redeemed souls, on earth and in heaven into one grand brotherhood in the great fatherhood of God. To open the way for the coming of this spirit has been the work of spirit mediums, the last phase of priestcraft. And now is the coming of the THE SON OF MAN, the instrument of this spirit, who shall be any man, woman or child, or any number of them, on whom this holy spirit rests; each and all of which will simply be a type, as Jesus was, of redeemed man and womanhood. For in the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, the golden age of man's freedom from man, all shall be joint heirs of the wealth of this most high and holy spirit.

Reader if you should even chance to meet Mrs. M. T. Demond, give her the right hand of fellowship for her disinterested sustaining help she has freely given to aid in the publication of our little truthful sheet.

"You were born to be a man—be one?
Idleness is twin to crime—shun it:
He who strives, the goal will win,
Laggards drown in waves of sin;
Idleness is twin to crime—shun it."

TRUE MANHOOD.

This rare article, like all others, is supplied as demanded by the world. *Need* and demand in this, as in all other commodities, are quite different in character and result. The world terribly needs true man and womanhood, as it does virtue, intelligence, fortitude, and all other mental, social, and moral graces, perfections, and reforms, but it is slow to desire and demand what it most needs. But what it does demand it always gets. And like all divided houses it must remain weak until greater unanimity prevails, through those modern inventions which are uniting all nations and races into one family, and disclosing those general truths and ubiquitous principles, around which minor truths and principles revolve, as asteroids and larger planets turn about central luminous suns. True manhood, like true sunlight, comes from heaven, and though, like its beautiful symbol, it may be refracted, reflected, and polarized, and so turned in various directions by conditions, duties, and all its diversified functions, still, when its devious pathway is retraced, it goes straight home to heaven, whence it came. It seeks no better terms than it grants, and is wisely selfish in finding, evolving and saving self, by seeking, developing, and protecting others. It deserts no battle field where reform, justice, or truth need his valiant blows in their defense, nor does it seek shelter from temptation's wild gales, so destructive to human frailties, but rather seeks such trials as a fit test of ability to say to life's ideas and waves, "peace, be still."

Quite too many men are esteemed true and great because circumstances, interests, and friends, mask their faults, or magnify their virtues. But true greatness stands alone, it seeks no entangling alliance with ancestry nor cast, with wealth nor fame, with the quality nor condition of others, nor does it appear in public with the fascinating garb of popular ideas it loaths in private, but says to those as to all false station, renown, and prestige, "get thee behind me Satan." Any man can stand where nothing pushes, but to stand on slippery places, to stand, unaided save by inherent strength upon the pinnacle of temptation, is what very few *can* do, and still fewer succeed in doing. Test your ship in the wind, rather than in the calm, if you would know its staunch qualities.

Social growth is a pleasant, but enervating luxury. The beautiful forest tree is a social product, but can stand only so long as the forest stands around it. So, too, with men. They can stand with their party, church, or clan, but fall when these supports fall. Weakness always needs props, and is only as strong as the broken reed it leans upon.

True manhood is cosmopolitan in its character and manifestations. Like an island mountain, it looks far away over life's stormy ocean, and keeps a steady eye upon infantile attempts at navigation, and when the miniature craft lifts anchor in its fond domestic haven, and spreading its silvery wings, bids a touching adieu to old familiar friends and objects and is lost amid briny whitecaps, such manhood lets its light shine as a beacon, to guide timid inexperience on its course to its desired harbour and to safe anchorage. True manhood is magnanimous. It sees, feels, and respects self, in each and all. Its desires and experiences shield all, and its nerve and life throb through all flesh, and pleads the cause of all wrong, and finds a verdict for justice regardless of condition. It opposes wrong to all, as to self, and forgives what naught else will heal nor reform. It regards differences as mutual and equal, deals sparingly with little matters, sees nothing small in nature, and is too great to perceive an inferior in the scale of divine values. It is social, like planets, for the good of all. It is religious, though not characterized by any particular system of theology. It excludes none not repelled by guilt or want of congenial sympathy.

It is charitable to those not its peers, for that difference measures their woe and suffering. True manhood is great, for it is Divine, and seeks and cherishes ideals of Divine character, government and institutions in harmony with those ideals, yet recognizes the fact, that, as God has made men to differ, it should sanction and respect His will, and set such examples as all may follow with harm to none. It forgives, for it knows the power of temptation, forgets offences, for it knows they live not always, touches naught not touched by death, for what it spares, no human prerogative can touch, and, finally, conceding the truth of the maxim that "as a man thinketh so he is" or that a man's faith is the true exponent of his life and character, no true manhood can co-exist with faith in total depravity of self or others, for such belief is not only ungodly, but unmanly, and uncharitable, for it casts God's image beneath the brute.

As the great I Am beholds the little in every rational creature, so does true manhood see its like in every human form, as the stars in heaven behold their blazing glory unfolded in the tear or dewdrop as well as in the boundless ocean.—*Syracuse Sunday Herald.*